

ANOTHER ANTI-SLAVERY PERIODICAL.

We hail with gladness the appearance of another able and uncompromising periodical in England, to be published monthly, in London, entitled 'The Anti-Slavery Watchman'; a magazine of English and American Abolitionism—the first number of which is before us, making a neat pamphlet of thirty pages, exceedingly well occupied with valuable articles. Its editor, we surmise, is F. W. CHESSEX, a very intelligent and able writer, and true to our cause as the 'needful to the people.' Here is his introductory.

ADDRESS.

As is customary on occasions like the present, we will proceed to describe the reasons of the appearance of this publication, and the principles upon which it will be conducted. Our readers will, of course, be aware of the existence of several Anti-Slavery Papers in this country, which have rendered most efficient service to the cause of Emancipation in America. None deserve more honorable mention, or more extensive support than the *Anti-Slavery Advocate*, and the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*—the former the property of a few talented and indefatigable Abolitionists whose views are based upon a thorough knowledge of the slavery question; the latter, the accredited organ of the 'British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.' But still we think there is room for another periodical of this kind, which may, perhaps, find its way into channels which have not yet been occupied by our excellent contemporaries. This much is certain, that the people of the manufacturing districts, whose midst we write, are remarkably apathetic with regard to American Slavery, and consider that their most vital interests depend on its speedy extinction; and we should, therefore, think it worth while to issue this paper, were it only for the purpose of endeavoring to enlisted their sympathies, in the cause whose advocates we are.

Public attention is now being directed to the existence of Negro Slavery in the United States, more than it has ever been before. A feeling of just indignation and abhorrence, at the maintenance of so foul a system in a professedly Christian Republic, has thrilled through the heart of the British Nation—the progress that this nation is making in civilization, and a knowledge of human rights; the labors of those friends of humanity who have been seeking to arouse an Anti-Slavery feeling in the country for years past; the toil and suffering of the American Abolitionists in their sacred work; and the frightful atrocities of the 'peculiar institution' itself have all contributed to evoke this great and noble moral sentiment: But as yet, this sentiment has not assumed that practical form which alone can make it terrible to Slaveholders. 'The Soul Merchants' can not, for the opinion of mankind, as long as their unhappy traffic is not endangered by it. The men who do the laws of God, are indifferent to the voice of man when it is unaccompanied by corresponding action. Our paper is, therefore, published, with the view, mainly, of supplying such facts and information, as will show what the British people can do towards the overthrow of American Slavery.

We wish it to be distinctly understood at the outset, that the *Anti-Slavery Watchman* is the organ of no Society; it is simply the property of two or three friends of the slave, who are desirous of promoting his cause. Our utterances will always be honest and outspoken; we shall speak the truth in plain terms, and shall care not to adopt the advice of some who think that, for expediency's sake, we should address the slaveholder as if he were an honest man. The suppression of any part of the truth, only weakens a good cause, and were we to keep it back in this particular, our opponents would but laugh at us for our politeness.

Satisfied that the American Churches are 'the Bulwarks of Slavery,' we shall carefully exhibit their dark treachery to Christ—the foes of tyrants, and to His brethren who are in chains. We shall expose the imposture of the mean and cowardly cry of 'Infidelity,' raised by pro-slavery professing Christians against the thorough abolitionists, with a view to damage the Anti-Slavery cause, and to repel members of Churches from connection with it; and we shall show that they who raise this cry are the *true infidels*, and the *worst enemies* of the Gospel. We shall prove that in the name of Christ they blasphemously seek to justify all the horrors of the middle passage, and all the iniquities of slavery; and that they have the treachery of Judas, and are more thoroughly infidel than Voltaire.

We shall expose the principles, and describe the movements of the pro-slavery ministers who visit this country, and warn British Christians of their true character. Such persons in times past, with the craftiness of serpents, have sought to infuse the poison of their opinions into the public mind of this country, by talking of the difficulties attending the Abolition of Slavery; the Christianity of the slaveholders; the value of slavery as a means of conversion to you, whether you are fighting by the side of a Massai, or blowing polished bubbles of lies for the advantage of the Palmerstone and their gang. Only the latter will be easier. Once on the inclining plane, when will you stop? Let us aim at nothing short of Right. Though that word Success is written on many a convenient nearer spot, we will not slack our string. Draw the arrow to the head, and drive it through. Success is Right.

W. J. LINTON.

what followed? The secession of nearly all the students, in the martyr spirit, who, without resources, and in the face of a malignant public sentiment, universally prevalent, went forth, for righteousness' sake, as our first parents left Eden for a very different reason—

'The world was all before them where to choose, And Providence their guide.'

The Abolitionist seeks the triumph of a principle. He preaches the abolition of slavery. Is it only or even mainly for the sake of the negroes now held in slavery? Now—at the present moment: so many men, women, and children, whose identities can be ascertained and catalogued. Suppose we have the list before us—Is it for the sake of these individuals that the Abolitionist preaches? If that is all, you cannot be too prudent nor too swift for every day so many are dying, and the chances of your success are daily lessening. So your most coward policies, of lying to the slaveholder, to the world, and to your own conscience, may have, for time is precious, some show of reason, we will not dare to say some justification. But the Abolitionist's aim is not so near. It is not for the sake of these millions now in bonds that he denounces slavery. It is for the sake of Truth, whose success is more important than the relief of any number of millions. His preaching is not because these millions suffer, but because the Right is outraged. The politician—the very word is a by-word for scorn—the politician may discuss these expediencies of present time and person; the servant of Truth is not to be tempted to such short-coming. Success to him is the success of Truth: the honest triumph of a righteous principle. Nothing less than that will he seek or care for.

Mr. ROBINSON had the martyr-honor, in 1836, to be born and feathered in Northern Ohio for his abolitionism, having been dragged out of a meeting he had appointed, and thus shamefully treated, put into a wagon and driven some fifteen or twenty miles in the dark, and then left near a strange village to find such succor as he could in such a plight, bare-headed, and not knowing where to find a sympathizing friend. It is gratifying to know, that some of those who encouraged that brutal infliction subsequently repented, and are now decidedly friendly to the anti-slavery movement. Mr. R. has had more than his share of the 'rough and tumble' of the conflict, but throughout has been erect, unflattering, victorious. He is as modest and amiable as he is faithful, an earnest and eloquent speaker, a terse and vigorous writer, and one of the best editors in the country as to tact and judgment, to say nothing of moral principle. From his lips, the *Anti-Slavery Bugle* gives no uncertain sound, but its tones are ever full, clear, and inspiring. In his hands, the banner of emancipation will never be found trailing in the dust. May he live to witness the jubilee, to hasten which he has done and suffered so much!

Arriving at Adrian at 9 o'clock in the evening, we found kindly waiting for us our beloved friend THOMAS CHANDLER, who took us into his vehicle, and drove us to his quiet but exceedingly pleasant residence, about five miles from the city—a city only in embryo as yet, but growing rapidly, and full of the spirit of enterprise. Of course, our reception under his hospitable roof was very cordial, on the part of his excellent wife and all the household. He has a productive farm of one hundred and sixty acres, as fair to look upon as any to be found, which he has redeemed from a wilderness state by persevering industry. He was formerly of Philadelphia, and some twenty years ago—then a young man—went to that place to make a permanent settlement. A birthright member of the Society of Friends, true to all that was really precious in primitive Quakerism, he has long since transcended the narrow limits of sect, and, throwing aside its exclusiveness, is ready to join heart and hand with any and all who are seeking to establish the world-reconciling doctrine of human brotherhood. He is highly intelligent, well-read, contemplative and philosophical, and, in point of moral worth, one of those men who are as precious, and almost as rare, as the 'gold of Ophir.' Thomas is the brother of the lamented ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER, whose memory deserves to be kept green to the latest posterity. Her Poetical Works, with a Memoir of her Life and Character, by BENJAMIN LUNDY, were published a few years since in Philadelphia by T. E. Chapman, making a very neat volume of 300 pages, as full of genius as the sun is of light and heat, and as deeply imbued with the spirit of philanthropy as the universe is with the divine presence; and which, for its literary worth alone, would have quickly found a wide circulation and elicited universal praise, had it not been for its overflowing sympathy with the down-trodden slave. She was born near Wilmington, Delaware, Dec. 24th, 1807, and died at the age of 36, in the year of her birth (Thomas). Nov. 11, 1844, in the 27th year of her age. She began to plead the cause of the enslaved in the columns of the 'Genius of Universal Emancipation' as early as the year 1826, and in 1829, was an associate editor of that periodical with Mr. Lundy and myself—contributing to its pages many of her choicest effusions, and adding greatly to its interest and usefulness. She was equally successful in prose and poetry. As the earliest of her sex publicly to consecrate her life to the anti-slavery struggle, and perhaps the most gifted, she is worthy to be associated with ELIZABETH HEYRK OF England, and the foremost women of the world. Dying at a period before the land was shaken by the conflict between Liberty and Slavery, still going on, (to be settled when or in what manner, who can tell?) her labors and merits are comparatively little known, but they will be properly appreciated when the history of our cause is impartially written. Her mortal remains lie, entombed on a commanding elevation (selected by herself for that purpose), near the spot where she died, a neat white railing enclosing them, and some half a dozen young and shrubby oak trees standing in a row on one side of it. I visited the spot several times alone: to me it was 'all-hallowed ground.' It was a pilgrimage that I had yearned to make for many years. The heart of Thomas was well-nigh buried in her grave, and his reverence for her memory carries an air of solemnity with it, as though she had really been (what she almost seemed to be to all who knew her) an angelic visitant from another sphere. I found that my friend, Miss SALLIE HOLLEY, had preceded me in visiting the burial-place, and inscribed with her pencil upon one of the posts a touching tribute to her memory. Another inscription had been made by a fugitive slave. I could do no less than pay my homage in the following lines, written *impromptu* on the spot:

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY
OF
ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER.

In thus what glorious attributes combined,
To make the life, (though all too brief in years),
A masterpiece in every kind,
That earth no more might be a vale of tears!
Interred heroine in the noble cause,
Of outraged nature and the rights of man,
Shunning no cross, and seeking no applause;
In every conflict always in the van!
Here rests thy body—dust to dust returned—
What soul more pure e'er took its flight to heaven?
A deathless fame most nobly hast thou earned—
All honor to thy memory be given!
I consecrate anew, beside thy grave,
My life to bring redemption to the slave.

To this poor tribute I added the very beautiful and descriptive lines of WHITTIER, applied to another:

'Oh! half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a Shining One,
Who walked an Angel here.
Alone unto our Father's will.
One thought hath reconciled—
That He whose love exceedeth ours,
Hath taken home his child.
Still may her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in Goodness strong.'

Beside the remains of ELIZABETH, are lying those of her venerated aunt, who did not long survive her. On Sunday afternoon and evening, I lectured in Adrian to crowded and most attentive audiences. I was hospitably entertained afterward, in the family of Dr. WOODLAND OWEN, a highly respected citizen, and a true abolitionist. They are all from England; but, unlike most of those who have come from the old world to these shores, they are all thoroughly baptised into the spirit of reform: the personal is only an abstract personality, referring to negroes generally, not to any particular negroes. And what

make their acquaintance. While proffering to them my warmest thanks for their kind attentions, I would here include all the other friends to whom I was similarly indebted during my tour.

On Wednesday morning, I left Adrian in the care for Jonesville, in company with Miss HOLLEY and Miss PURNAM, who were going still further to a place called Coldwater. Miss H. had been lecturing in various parts of the State with great success. At Jonesville, I took the stage (a long-boiled wagon) for Marshall, 28 miles, and had a fine opportunity, by the side of the driver, to see the face of the country. The 'lay of the land' in Michigan, as far as I saw it, was extremely beautiful; both level and undulating, but without any hills. Immense fields of wheat and corn were to be seen every direction. The soil is light, easily cultivated, and very productive. The road between Jonesville and Marshall was so sandy as to remind me of Cape Cod—a long protracted drought making it extremely dusty. Some of the land was as thickly covered with stones as any part of Massachusetts, but they were generally of a small size, hardly suitable for stone-walls.

Marshall is a village of about 3000 inhabitants, and, like Jonesville, presents a very attractive appearance. Its streets are wide, and laid out at right angles, and its plank side-walks extend for miles. I could hear of no abolitionists in the place. I was detained there from 4 o'clock, P. M., till midnight, waiting for the train that went to Battle Creek; so that it was after 1 o'clock, A. M., when I arrived at the latter place. At the depot, I was met by my young friend RICHARD MARTINET, (son of the venerable Josiah MARTINET, an esteemed minister in the Society of Friends,) whom I saw at the Women's Rights Convention in New York, and who had returned home only a few hours before my arrival. I was sorry to have given him all this trouble, but the arrangement was made without my knowledge, as I designed to go to a hotel. He conveyed me to his father's residence, a beautiful location, where every kindness was extended to me while I remained in the place. Battle Creek is extremely pleasant to the view, in every direction. It has a population equal to Marshall, but it is a more enterprising place. The buildings are neat, and the streets spacious. Considerable anti-slavery labor has been expended there by HENRY C. WRIGHT, PARKER PILLSBURY, STEPHEN S. FOSTER, JAMES W. WALKER, and other efficient lecturers; but not much impression has been made upon the place, owing to the strength of religious bigotry, all the meeting-houses being closed against the slave's advocates—except the Methodist's, which a short time before, had been opened to Miss HOLLEY, though I could not get admission into it; a distinction between the parties without a difference.

In the evening, I addressed a crowded and an attentive audience in the Friends' meeting-house, not a large building. Many expressed their surprise that they had been so grossly deceived in regard to my sentiments, and the buildings are neat, and the streets spacious. Considerable anti-slavery labor has been expended there by HENRY C. WRIGHT, PARKER PILLSBURY, STEPHEN S. FOSTER, JAMES W. WALKER, and other efficient lecturers; but not much impression has been made upon the place, owing to the strength of religious bigotry, all the meeting-houses being closed against the slave's advocates—except the Methodist's, which a short time before, had been opened to Miss HOLLEY, though I could not get admission into it; a distinction between the parties without a difference.

On Friday evening, I gave a lecture on Non-Resistance to a full and very attentive audience; and made thorough work of the existing governments of the earth, showing them to be inherently and radically iniquitous.

The State Anti-Slavery Convention was held on Saturday and Sunday, and in point of interest and spirit compared favorably with the best of ours at the East.

The weather on Saturday was quite unpropitious, the first rain of the season setting in with considerable earnestness.

On Sunday, the hall was densely filled, some of the delegates coming a distance of fifty miles with their teams. As the official proceedings have already been published in the *Liberator*, I need not go into detail.

One very intelligent woman, of great moral courage, JULIA HAVILAND, gave an account of a visit to the prison at Louisville, some two years ago, to carry some aid and succor to the unfortunate Calvin Fairbanks. Her narrative was well-received, and listened to with deep interest.

There is a paper called the *Watchtower*, in Adrian, edited by a worthless Southerner, named J. W. Ormsbee.

On the first evening, Stephen having branded him as a liar for having misrepresented one of Abby's meetings,

he came forward and threatened personal chastisement on the spot, if it were not for the presence of the ladies;

and considerable excitement followed, but no harm was done to any body, though he had a few rowdy backers.

He afterward revealed himself as the vilest of the vile, in his account of our proceedings—pouring his Billingsgate especially on my head.

On Tuesday, we took our leave of Michigan for a brief tour on the Western Reserve in Ohio, hoping that the day is not distant when we shall again visit it.

We arrived about half past 1, P. M., at Grafton depot, (a few miles from Oberlin,) where we expected to meet a friend who had agreed to see us conveyed to the village of Weymouth, about 16 miles distant, where we were to attend an anti-slavery convention the next day.

While we were waiting at the depot, Marus asked a green, raw-boned, gigantic son of the soil, who said he was just from Weymouth, and 'out on a bust,' whether he knew any thing about an anti-slavery meeting to be held there. He said he believed something of the kind was to come off, and that 'the bigger man from Boston was to be there.' This was really a very fine compliment, and I was as much gratified as annoyed by it.

In the evening, I again lectured in the Friends' meeting-house, to a crowded audience, and was listened to with profound attention for two hours. I was assured that a very favorable impression was made.

The next day, I gave a reluctant farewell to the dear friends in Battle Creek for Detroit, expecting on my arrival in that city to find all the arrangements made for several consecutive public meetings; but, as my readers are already aware, no hall could be obtained for that purpose, so powerful were the religious and political influences brought to bear against me. On Sunday, however, a committee of colored friends waited upon me, inviting me to give an address that evening in the colored Methodist church. I did so, to a crowded audience, (mostly colored,) and, at their solicitation, promised to address them again the next evening in the same church, should no other place be provided.

On Monday, several colored friends renewed their efforts to procure a hall for me, but they were again foiled; so they put out a handbill, stating that freedom of speech was struck down in Detroit, and announcing that I would lecture in the colored Methodist church that evening, to the white citizens being present.

The audience were greatly pleased with the lecture, especially the colored portion. After I had finished, a Dr. STEPHENS (a professed Free Soiler) rose in the back part of the house, and made a parade of his friendship for the colored race; and then proceeded to say, that 'all the good people of Detroit were within the church's—' that, after listening to my remarks, he regarded me as the character described in the Scriptures as 'the accuser of the brethren'—and that he was glad I could find no hall in Detroit in which to be heard. I rose, and denied the justness of the impeachment, and, pointing at him, exclaimed, 'There sits the accuser of the brethren! I appeal to all who are present, whether he has not most falsely accused me, and without the slightest provocation; for I have made no allusion whatever, this evening, to any church or any pulpit in Detroit, but have simply described the guilty complicity of the American Church, North and South, in relation to slavery, which is the curse of the whole world at the price of a single falsehood. Fools and jots will call himself a General, and I am sure he is not a General, but a fool.'

Again, I took the train for Salem, arriving there about half past two, where I had a warm greeting from a large number of friends, including PARKER PILLSBURY, who, with CHARLES and JOSEPHINE GRIFFING, had just returned from a hard and apparently a somewhat unproductive tour in Indiana. JOSEPH BARKER and his sons, (JOSEPH and GIDEON,) the former strongly resembling his father; with several others, were at the depot on my arrival, ready to take me to their home; but it was deemed best, as Joseph lived a mile and a half from the town, that I should stay with our intimate friend JAMES BARNABY until Sunday evening.

On Sunday forenoon, I addressed a large audience on slavery in the Court House, a considerable number of come-over Friends being present.

In the afternoon, we had a 'free meeting,' for the discussion of any and every thing that might come up.

The only speakers, however, were JOSEPH BARKER and myself. Our theme was The Bible—Inspiration—Infallibility—&c. Some very radical things were uttered, of course, but they all seemed to be well approved.

Nor is the Church, as such, exerting the least influence to change this state of things, and the few men

and women who do take high and true ground against the prevailing evils, find their fiercest opponents in the pulpit and around the sacramental board—hypocritical liars and scoundrels towards the true, and only true, religious faith.

What the end of these things shall be, no one can tell.

God and nature will be true to themselves. No law of theirs can be repealed—none that is broken can be avenged.

The soul (or body) that sinneth, it shall die.

No 'blood of atonement,' no 'universal salvation,' can avail to stay the fearful penalty.

Who shall cry these things in the ears of the people of the world?

He who believed something of the kind was to be held there.

He said he believed something of the kind was to be held there.

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